

Mayflower

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# I WAS AMUSED

the other day when an Elderly Gentleman backed me up against the corner cigar store and enquired if I was the "OPPORTUNITY" Man. I admitted the soft impeachment and also smiled widely. The E. G. grabbed me by the coat lapel and delivered himself to this effect: There never was a gold mine. There isn't one today. There never was a cent made in any kind of mining. The only reason a gold mine is called a gold mine is because people are foolish enough to dump their good gold into it. They never get any out. And as often as not there's no mine at all. He knew. He had invested in mining stock once. The thing was a fake, of course. No more mining stock for him. Not in a thousand years."

Now, wouldn't that upper-cut you? Where his Nibs thought the world's present supply of gold came from, gets me. Perhaps he thought it all came from Bishop's Bank. The E. G., nevertheless, is representative of a class of people who swallow the bait of any fly-by-night fakir, or wildcatter who peddles out cheap stock and promises the earth, or at least a thousand dollars for every one put in. His proposition may be the wildest kind of "Wildcat," his roseate statements entirely unsupported, his "mine" a pipe-dream, and he himself belong in jail, but if his stuff is only cheap enough—a cent or two a share—they will buy it. Such people are not investors—they are "suckers" buying experience. But they hurt legitimate mining because ever afterwards they will keep on telling how they "invested" in mining and lost their money.

With regard to the Elderly Gentleman I steered him along to my Office, showed him ore specimens, photos, charts, maps, Government Reports, and statements of Honolulu people who have visited the "MAYFLOWER." He revised his conviction about gold mining to the extent that there was, at least, one gold mine, and that we owned it. Before he flew, he broke in for 1000 Shares. Other mining stocks and other Mayflowers can be bought at less prices, but our Mayflower is the Mayflower Quartz & Channel Mining Co. and the price is 25 Cents a Share. Drive a tack in that fact.

Yes, our "MAYFLOWER" is the real thing, with assurances attached. Buy the Stock at 25 Cents. You're missing a trick if you don't. Be brisk and get in your order. Buy it. It's a brilliant buy. BUY "MAYFLOWER" STOCK. BUY IT NOW!

**GEO. M. SHAW,**  
AGENT  
Hilo, Hawaii

**M. IVAN DOW,** Fiscal Agent "Mayflower" Mine  
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## RANKIN'S DOOM; HIS OWN DARING

Thrilling Story of Col. Taylor on the  
Stand at Trial of the Night  
Riders.

HE SAW HIS MATE HANGED.

"You Are Choking Me, Gentlemen,"  
Man's Dying Words—Witness  
Offered His Life as Ransom.

UNION CITY, Tenn., Dec. 19.—Col.  
Z. R. Taylor, hero of the Reelfoot lake  
tragedy, when night riders hanged his  
companion, Capt. Quentin Rankin,  
went on the stand at the night riders'  
trial today and told of his awful ex-  
perience that night two months ago  
when he faced death and escaped. The  
story moved jurors and spectators to  
tears. The witness' pathetic plea for  
the life of Rankin because he was a  
young man, even if he should be slain  
himself—which plea had no effect on  
the murderers—was particularly pitiful.

Before Taylor was placed on the  
stand the court warned preachers not  
to allude to the trial in their ser-  
mons tomorrow.

GRAPHIC STORY OF COL. TAYLOR.  
Mr. Taylor said he was awakened  
by P. C. Ward, keeper of the tavern,  
and the same instant a rear window  
of his room was raised. Two pump  
guns were thrust in, followed by two  
black-masked heads. But not a word  
was spoken until the leader of the  
band entered the room. The night  
riders separated Taylor from Rankin  
and Taylor did not see Rankin from  
the time they left their room until  
he saw him murdered. They told Tay-  
lor they proposed to kill them. When  
the night riders reached the forked  
ash tree in the bank of the slough  
they halted Taylor and marched Ran-  
kin to the foot of the tree.

"The rope was adjusted and thrown  
over the fork, then some night rider  
said: 'Give him time to pray.' 'I  
have attended to that,' was Rankin's  
quiet reply.

"YOU ARE CHOKING ME, GENTLE-  
MEN."

Some one of the masked band seized  
the rope and drew Rankin up. The  
tree was inclined a trifle and they  
raised the body until the toes scarce-  
ly touched the ground. From the lips  
of the swaying figure came the muf-  
fled appeal:

"You are choking me, gentlemen. I  
pray you to let me down."

Then one of the riders fired a shot  
into the body of Rankin, even as he  
pleaded for his life. Instantly a fusil-  
ade came, most of the riders, how-  
ever, shooting into the air.

Taylor turned to his captors and  
said: "I am tired, gentlemen, let me  
sit down."

He crouched to his knee, ready to

spring, waited until the guns were  
empty, then when the firing stopped  
he jumped into the water. Instantly  
the firing was renewed. Taylor dived,  
but heard the bullets striking the wa-  
ter. He swam under water to a big  
shot. Silently, he swam to the log,  
when he grasped it for support it  
would splash and his life would be  
forfeited. But he was exhausted and  
fainting and had to take the risk.

YELLS AND SHOTS, BUT HE'S SAFE

From the bank came cries, yells and  
Taylor realized that he was suffering  
reached for it and it was fast in the  
slough. He was safe. The bullets  
struck the log like hail in a storm,  
but gradually they ceased. For two  
hours this aged veteran of many bat-  
tles lay in the water, grasping the log  
and when all sounds had ceased he  
swam to the opposite side and took  
to the woods. He wandered all day,  
following a course marked by the  
moss which he knew was heaviest on  
the north sides of the trees. His eye-  
sight began to fail and he suffered  
fearfully from thirst. Then he imag-  
ined that he saw masked men in every  
thicket.

Taylor realized that he was suffering  
from delusions, but his experience had  
been so frightful that he could not  
control himself or dispel the hallucina-  
tions. He hid in the canebrake un-  
til Wednesday, when thirst drove him  
out and into the arms of his friends.  
HIS PATHETIC PLEA FOR RANKIN  
Just before the night riders killed  
Rankin, Taylor said:

"Gentlemen, I am an old man. I  
cannot expect to live many years  
more. By killing me you will not be  
cheating me of much. But Capt. Ran-  
kin is a young man with many years  
before him. Do not kill him."

The leader curtly replied:

"Shut up."

The aged witness made a most pro-  
found impression. At times his emo-  
tions mastered him and once he half-  
turned, dropped his head into his  
hands and sobbed audibly as the  
scenes of that awful night passed  
again before his eyes. He was asked  
only one question on cross-examina-  
tion:

"Did you recognize any of the rid-  
ers positively the night of the crime?"  
He replied he did not.

PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

Dunn—I had a horrible dream last  
night.

Gunn—What was it?

Dunn—You know Pat O'Brien?

Gunn—Yes.

Dunn—I dreamed that me and Pat  
had met in O'Toole's saloon.

Gunn—Yes.

Dunn—And Pat called me another.

Gunn—Yes.

Dunn—And thin nayther wan of us  
done anything else.

A HOT ONE.

Mr. Rantum—Refuge me and I'll  
follow you to the end of the earth.

Miss Cutting Hintz—Fear not, I'm  
not going on any polar expedition.

Fine Job Printing, Star Office.

## LOVE'S JOURNEY ENDS IN PRISON

PAYMASTER'S CLERK, WHO LEFT  
FLEET IN CHINA TO RETURN  
TO SAN FRANCISCO, LODGED  
ON BRIG.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 15.—  
Charged with desertion, Paymaster's  
Clerk William McDonough of the bat-  
tleship Missouri was sent in double  
irons from San Francisco to Mare  
Island yesterday and lodged in the  
big of the prison ship Manila.

Young, accomplished and handsome,  
he came back from China on account  
of a San Francisco girl whom he met  
when the battleship fleet was here  
last May. The attachment quickly  
ripened during the short stay here,  
and when the Missouri weighed an-  
chor and passed out beyond the Heads  
McDonough was impatient and the  
duties of his office proved irksome.

At Amoy, China, he could no longer  
resist and hurriedly wrote out his  
resignation. Not even waiting for it  
to be acted upon through the intricate  
channels of the Navy Department at  
Washington, he boarded a steamer  
and returned to San Francisco, arriv-  
ing here a few days ago.

His arrest quickly followed, and  
Sunday evening the tug Umatilla re-  
turned him to Mare Island under es-  
cort of four marines.  
McDonough refuses to divulge the  
name of the girl and maintains a sto-  
lid silence concerning the romantic  
features of his extraordinary deser-  
tion.

He is being held pending advices  
from the Navy Department and faces  
a courtmartial.

## NATURAL RESULT.

I was happy wit' Gert  
As a feller could be,  
Dere was never a skirt  
Seemed as nifty to me.  
I was sold, all right—  
All de candy, until  
At de rink dere one night  
Here come BILL.

An' dat red-headed skate  
Put me right on de blink,  
Him and Gert made a date  
When dey met at de rink.  
I could see right away  
I was due for a chill  
An' I knew I could lay  
It to BILL.

Dere's a broken-nosed guy  
On a hospital cot,  
An' a peach of an eye  
Dat same person has got,  
An' his ribs is stove in,  
Which it come through a mill.  
Where I certainly win,  
Yes, it's BILL.

—Chicago Daily News.

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tables in the city. Call up Mrs. J. J.  
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Which it come through a mill.  
Where I certainly win,  
Yes, it's BILL.

—Chicago Daily News.

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